
POEMS

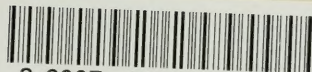
By

Elizabeth English
Dyas de Lom

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Elizabeth English Sykes de Lora.

POEMS

BY

ELIZABETH ENGLISH DYAS de LOM



TORONTO, CANADA
1911



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Two Views of Death

Death met a merry youth one summer day,
And said to him, "Canst tell me who I am?"
Upon the Angel's peaceful face there lay
A mystic radiance, and his eyes were calm
As limpid seas, unvexed by winds a-craze;
And through his hair a glint of sunshine hied.
The lad upon him bent his earnest gaze—
"Thou art so fair, thou must be Life!" he cried.

And then Death to an aged minstrel came,
Whose step was weary, and whose eye was dim;
And said, "Say truly friend, dost know my
name?"

So heavenly was the voice that questioned him,
That the man paused, bewildered, for a space;
Regarding the strange guest with quickened
breath,

Then murmured, whilst a glad smile lit his face—
"So fair thou art, who canst thou be, but
Death."

Do Noble Things—Not Dream Them

The dreamer sighed :

“ My starved heart craves a work to do,
My idle hands employment woo.
Oh, for the din and clash of war,
For valorous deeds and cannons’ roar !”
But, as he dreamed, brave souls fell, score on
score,
And Duty knocked in vain upon his door.

Again he sighed :

‘ Oh, for a name ! a name that long
Should wake the nation’s heart to song ;
Sweep through the land, from east to west,
Nor fade till all the world’s at rest !”
But as he dreamed of glory far and wide,
Unrecognized, Fame lingered at his side.

And still he sighs :

“ If love into my life would creep,
And hush my weary heart to sleep,
With crooning song and dewy kiss,
My soul would sing for purest bliss !”
He dreams while, unseen, Cupid pleadeth near,
With drooping wings and mingled smile and tear.

The Debutante

The first of the season she made her début—
(O ! my heart, O ! my heart, how you leapt
when we met !)

And the touch of her soft little hand thrilled me
through,
With an ecstatic bliss that I ne'er shall forget.
Sweet débutante.

The loveliest bud of the gay year is she—
(O ! my heart, she has taken you captive, I
know !)

Brown eyes peep shyly through fringes at me,
Cheeks all a-dimple and forehead of snow.
Fair débutante.

Happiness reigns o'er the sun-smothered days
(O ! my heart, the glad secret you know, ah,
you know !)

And life sings her sweetest and merriest lays,
For I'm sure my love loves me, her eyes tell
me so.

Dear débutante.

Without her, a dark, cheerless world this would
be—

(O ! my heart, how I love her—my jewel,
my pearl !)

For I am her slave and her daddy, you see,
And she is my baby—my wee baby girl.
My débutante.

The Advent of June

June stands at the portals of morn,
And cries—" O, pray open to me !"
But Time, with the key in his hand,
Looks dreamily over the sea,
And answers, " Have patience, my child,
The gate soon shall open to thee."

Ah ! June is a coy, merry maid,
And June is bewitchingly fair,
With the smile of the stars on her face,
And the moonbeams astray through her hair,
See the gleam in her violet eyes !
Ah ! laughter delights to dwell there.

She seems but a beautiful wraith,
In fleecy clouds daintily drest ;
Pink roses caress her white brow,
Red roses she wears at her breast ;
And a rose-shower falls at her feet,
For that is their haven of rest.

Gay melodies, thrilling and sweet,
From her scarlet lips tremblingly start,
As Time turns the key in the lock,
And flings the vast portals apart—
Ah ! June through the gateway has flown,
And clasped the warm world to her heart.

Could You ?

If Love—sweet Love with his pleading eyes,
Came to the door of your heart, some day,
With wings a-drooping and tearful sighs,
Surely you could not say him “ Nay.”
When he cried,—“ I starve, give me food, I
prayer.”
Could you turn, unheeding, and go your way,
Could you ?

If he whispered,—“ The world is a world of care,
Where the face of Sorrow is e'er about,
O ! open your heart and hold me there,
And my joy shall veil all the gloom without.”
If dear Love came to you thus, some day,
You would not turn from his pleas away.
Would you ?

The Lost Ship

A youth looked out across life's restless sea,
His merry eyes with joy and hope a-glow.
"My good ship, Fortune, idly drifts," said he,
"On yonder heaving desert, to and fro ;
Her sails are dyed in sunset's rosy light,
And she is heaped with gold for me—for me,
I'll linger here, and Time, some star-crowned
 night,
Will bring her into port triumphantly."

Old Time has buried many faded years
Down in the snowdrifts, cold and white and
 deep.
And an aged man, with ever-growing fears,
Watches the vessels o'er the water sweep.
Want and suspense his ruddy face have seared ;
Yet he will wait till Death shall lay him low,
And know not that Toil's hand his ship has
 steered—
Into a foreign harbour long ago.

Three Kisses

Childhood upon her brow dropped kisses sweet,
And, crooning softly, lingered at her side ;
Whilst with bright hope her pulses wildly beat,
 "Ah ! this is Life !" she cried.

Youth from her scarlet lips drank kisses rare,
As warm as sunny South where roses blow ;
And with gay fingers stroked her golden hair,
 " 'Tis Love," she whispered low.

Age, with light kisses, fann'd her furrowed face,
O'er her dim eyes she felt his soothing breath;
Gently he clasped her in a close embrace,
 She murmured, " This is Death."

Sunshine and Shower

The laughing morn tripped gaily down the sky,
With blushing cheeks and filmy wings outspread,
And the sea calmly lay a-dreaming nigh,
Blazing with jewels, in its golden bed.

“ Love, Peace and Joy are monarchs here,” I
said,

“ Darkness and Death have fled, ne’er to
return.”

But a dense cloud across the heavens sped,
Flinging, o’er earth, its shadow, dark and stern,
And a soft voice seemed unto me to say—

“ Darkness must come, and sunshine flee away.”

Night spread her ebon wings across the earth,
The shattered clouds strode, frowning, through
the sky,

And the sea shrieked and raged in fiendish mirth,
Tossing and plunging, as it climbed on high.

“ Wrath, Death and Gloom are monarchs
here !” I cried,

Joy, Peace and Love have vanished, hand in
hand.”

But, through the night, a flame of light I spied,
Pouring its beams o’er storm-lashed sea and
land,

And that low voice seemed whispering in my
ear—

“ Though dark the night, dawn’s sunshine
lingers near.”

Fearless Love

A dainty elf went gaily forth one day,
Tripping along o'er paths with roses strewn,
His fair curls with the southern breeze at play,
Or flirting with the golden beams of noon.

Clearly, his voice rang out across the land,
Lightly, his white wings swept the warm air
through,
And his bright eyes, by silken fringes fann'd,
Sparkled like dew-drenched pansies, softly blue.

Over the path a dark-browed stranger came,
Sickle in hand, and robed in sable gown ;
Pausing, ere long, he cried—" Dost know my
name,
And fearest not ?" " Nay," said the elf, " thy
frown

I fear not, nor fear I thine icy breath,
For I am Love—and thou art only Death."

Genius and Diligence

Genius and Diligence together stood,
Pondering, at the hill of Fame one day,
In half-bewildered, half-uncertain mood.
Cried Diligence, "Time hasteneth away
Whilst I stand idle. Courage, coward heart,
We must set forth, e'er life's bright noon be
 spent,
And with the band of toilers share a part."
And, forthwith, he began the hill's ascent.

Now, Genius followed not, but smiled in scorn,
And folding his white hands upon his breast,
He turned his eyes toward the clouds of morn,
And murmured, "I will linger here and rest,
The gods who have bestowed this gift on me,
Will bear me up the hill of Fame some day,
So I will wait." Meanwhile most zealously,
Did Diligence plod up the rugged way.

And after years of toil, and gloom-steeped days
He gained the summit, and the waiting world
Broke forth in one tumultuous shout of praise,
As he the flag of victory unfurled.
Then Genius cried, "I'm weary, old and lone,
The faithless gods forsook me as I slept,
And I must die unhonoured and unknown."
And bowed his head upon his hands—and wept.

The Land of Nod

There's a beautiful land, my children,
In the heart of the Vale of Sleep,
Where bright flowers grow,
And saucy winds blow,
And the sunbeams shed o'er the sea their glow,
Or up on the mountains creep.

In that beautiful land, my children,
Dwell sweet little elves so fair,
With sparkling eyes,
Like the summer skies,
In whose blue depths such beauty lies,
That none can with them compare.

Their voices are low and gentle,
Like the sound of a rippling stream,
And all through the day,
They frolic and play,
But never an angry or cross word say,
And life flows on like a dream.

These dear little elves, my children,
Have hair like the finest gold,
For a sunbeam gay
(So the fairies say)
Up in their shining curls did stray,
And they chained him with each wee fold.

You have been in this land, my children,
 Its paths you have often trod ;
You have played for hours
'Midst fairest flowers,
 And climbed to the top of its highest towers,
 For it is the Land of Nod.

Discontent

He said to Life—

“ I love thee not. Depart if thou be wise ;
Thou who dost haunt me with thy white, sad
face,
Turn from me, turn thy melancholy eyes,
I must have peace, if only for a space.”

Life answered him—

“ Friend, thou art wrong, my face hath blush
of bride,
Gay, laughing eyes have I, and heart so calm ;
Tear thou the veil of discontent aside,
And thou shalt see me as I really am.”

You Taught Me

Love's wondrous joy you taught to me,
The joy that only love can know ;
That makes the heart sing merrily,
And sets the being all a-glow ;
 The ecstasy of love's first kiss—
 You taught me this, you taught me this.

You taught me all love's bitter pain,
The pain a wounded heart can know ;
Then soothed me in your arms again,
Till my hot tears had ceased to flow.
 Love's deepest pain, love's sweetest bliss—
 You taught me this, you taught me this.

Rich and Poor

The rich man lounged on his couch one day,
'Mid silken cushions and draperies rare ;
But on his forehead deep furrows lay,
Traced by the merciless hand of Care,
Fortune had walked with him all through life,
She was his comforter, joy and bride ;
And yet—" I am weary of endless strife,
I am so poor, O ! so poor !" he cried.

The poor man sat in his old arm-chair,
A sweet, fair babe to his strong arms crept ;
And, stroking the tangle of golden hair,
A radiant smile o'er his calm face swept ;
Poverty lingered beside him oft,
But toil and honesty, want defied ;
And he toss'd his merry, wee boy aloft—
" O ! we are so rich, dear wife !" he cried.

In Memory of Maud

Death's angel, one calm night, to her drew near,
Heaven's sunshine, on his sweet face, lingering ;
And, chanting low, that she alone might hear,
Soothed her and left her gently slumbering.
Ah ! Life, thy weary paths have grown so
steep—

Since she has gone to sleep.

Thickly, the shadows fall on every hand,
For earth, one of its fairest flowers, has lost ;
Song-showers of joy drift through the better
land,
For a pure soul the darksome tide has crossed ;
Yet, up the land, the night winds sobbing
creep—

Since she has gone to sleep.

We cry, " O ! Death, unclothe the lips so white,
That loved gay laughter ; ope the cloistered
eyes,
That ever seemed to shine with life's glad light,
As God's warm sun illumines the Summer skies."
But Death makes answer, " Whyfore should ye
weep—

Since she has gone to sleep !"

The days plod onward with grief-burdened feet ;
The voice of Spring sounds graver than of yore ;
And we can only say, " Some day we'll meet.
We loved her—aye ! but Heaven loved her
more."

And o'er the earth, a gloom falls, dark and deep,
Since she has gone to sleep.

The Haunted Castle

Many, many years ago in a land beyond the sea,
 There stood a ruin old,
And the river at its foot gaily danced in
 childish glee,
 As joyously it rolled.

But the castle, grim and tall, frowned upon it,
 as it lay,
 A mirror for the sun,
And ghostly shadows crept o'er its placid crest
 in play,
 When Summer days were done.

The creeping ivy wove o'er the ruined castle
 walls,
 A robe of dainty leaves ;
And the tender, clinging vine peeped into the
 empty halls,
 Or out among the eaves.

And it played at hide-and-seek with the dreamy
 owl at night,
 And the moon looked smiling down,
As it oft had smiled before, when the castle
 blazed with light.
 And sprinkled music round ;

For no castle rang so bright with sweet laughter,
 gay and free,
 In happy days of old,
Never lived more courtly knights, never maids
 more fair to see
 Did stately walls behold.

But Death's cold and cruel hand stilled the
 merry lips for aye,
 And sealed the sparkling eyes ;
And above their lonely graves at the closing
 of the day,
 The mournful night wind sighs.

But when dusk creeps slowly on, and the wind
 is hushed and still,
 Weird spectres clothed in white,
From mystic depths of earth issue forth toward
 the hill,
 Borne upon the wings of night ;

Up the castle steps they glide, hollow laughter
 shakes the air,
 The wind is moaning low ;
And the chill halls echoing ring with the mirth
 of youth so fair,
 As in days of long ago.

Will You Forget

Will you forget me, O ! my loved one, say,
When Time's broad wings shall flutter up between,

And all the joys and sorrows that have been,
We have forgot ; and who would have them stay !

When we shall wander in an alien way,
Facing the cruel north wind, cold and keen,
Or plucking flowers that thorns have never seen—

Will you forget me on that future day ?

Or some time looking through the mist of years,
You might perceive me on the distant shore,
And call me to your side, my love, once more ;
Kissing away the wrinkles and the tears ;
Perhaps such joy the future may not bring,
So, let us live and love—ere love takes wing.

Two Lives

One struggled up the toilsome road of life,
With slow, unwilling feet that longed for rest ;
The path he trod with cruel thorns was rife,
And bright-faced joy ne'er came to him a guest ;
His sad eyes sought the haven of release
That lay afar, " Oh, give me rest," he cried.
But Death locked fast the golden gate of Peace ;
Nor turned the key until life's eventide.

Another danced along life's gladsome way,
Caressèd by the sunshine's brilliant wing ;
Soft laughter kissed the throbbing lips of day ;
And he was happy as the birds of Spring.
" Life," cried the youth, " Ah ! clasp me to thine
heart,
Hold thou me close and leave me not, I pray."
But Death called him, and flung the gates
apart,
Ere Noon had greeted him upon his way.

III

O, weary one, lying so helplessly
In Sorrow's arms, and praying for the day !
If I were Sleep, I would come unto thee,
And bear thee to a dream-steeped land away,
Where pink cloud-wings career across the blue ;
Where sun-bathed roses from the hedges peep ;
And Love and Joy sing all the glad days through
 If I were Sleep.

O, yearning heart ! O, faltering, bruised feet !
Hot, tearless eyes, that cannot see the light !
If I were gentle Hope, with pinions fleet,
To thee I'd come a-down the halls of night ;
And I would press cool lips upon thy brow,
The door of Peace unto thine heart I'd ope ;
And Grief's white face would turn from thee,
 I trow—
 If I were Hope:

Thy Will Be Done

She was so small—

A wee, pure bud, from God's own garden lent,
To fill my life with one bright dream of joy.
To sip sweet kisses I was well content,
And thought no cloud could e'er my hopes
destroy.

She was so fair—

This love of mine with rippling curls of gold,
That rollicked with the playful breeze in glee ;
A hidden sunbeam in each silken fold,
Ah ! dearer far than life, she was to me.

She was so small—

And yet she was my sunshine through the day,
A fairy guard to guide my steps aright.
Ah ! now the sky is shrouded deep in grey ;
And life is one long, dreary winter night.

She was so dear—

That, e'er I knew, I lived for her alone ;
Happy to feel her head upon my breast,
To hold the dimpled hands within my own ;
And dream whilst rosy lips my cheek caressed.

She was so fair—

That the kind Father will'd she should not stay
Within a world where sin and sorrow roam ;
And one still morn, just at the peep of day,
An angel came and took her gently Home.

Before I Knew You, Dear

The year was young and 'witching fair,
The trees were pink with bloom,
That drenched the drowsy Spring-tide air
With exquisite perfume ;
Though flowers sprinkled vale and field,
And song-birds warbled near,
Earth's beauties were but half revealed—
Before I knew you, dear.

The sun-kissed world was all a-thrill,
With Joy and Hope and Love,
A soft green crept o'er mead and hill ;
And the blue sky smiled above ;
Life danced along on lightsome feet,
And knew not frown or tear ;
Yet life's joys were but half complete—
Before I knew you, dear.

How could I e'er have held the thought,
That Life her best had lent,
To fill my days with bliss unsought,
My heart with calm content ;
For now in bird and flower and tree,
And opal sky above,
A strange new loveliness I see,
Since I know you—and Love.

Just a Boy

One more battle now is ended,
One more victory is won,
And above the field of slaughter,
Slowly sinks the scarlet sun ;
Restless little evening zephyrs,
Through the dusky shadows creep,
Softly kissing lips a-smiling,
Of a lad in death asleep.

CHORUS

Just a boy—his young life ended,
Motionless and cold he lies,
Curls of gold caress his forehead,
Light of Heaven is in his eyes;
Far away a Mother's waiting—
Waiting for her son—her pride,
But he lies, with Death his captor,
On the field of Sunnyside.

Ah, her heart was sore at parting,
Youngest of her boys was he,
Herbert, with the merry laughter,
And a mind of purity ;
But the call to arms had sounded,
Duty's voice he must obey,
And the Mother's heart was breaking,
As the regiment marched away.

CHORUS

Daisy's Journey

“ Oh ! I'm so tired and sleepy,”
A fair little maiden cried,
As the night express strode noisily on,
And tempest and rain defied ;
A small head sank 'gainst the cushion
Then a sigh so long and deep ;
And the dear, little, lonely maiden,
Had entered the gates of Sleep.

“ Tickets ”—a deep voice shouted,
And then,—“ Why, upon my word,
If here's not a mite of a youngster
Sleeping as sound as a bird.”
But the dark-brown eyes flew open,
And the rosy lips lisped—“ Oh !
I really forgot my ticket,
But, I'm going to Heaven, you know.

Mamma went there just yesterday,
And I promised her I'd go, too ;
For they're all there now—There's Papa,
And Mamma, and baby Hugh ;
And nobody left but Daisy—
That's me—and I came in here,
Though I was kind o' scared to,
The train is so big and queer.”

"So you'll please take me right to Heaven,
I'm so lonely, Oh, dear ! Oh, dear !"
And through the dark silken lashes,
There silently crept a tear.
"All right," said the big conductor,
"Don't cry, you'll get there ! I know,"
And a smile spread over his features,
As he turned on his way to go.

Roaring, hissing and plunging,
The train rushed through the gloom,
Like some wild, wingèd monster,
Fleeing a fearful doom ;
Then a sudden jerk—a whistle ;
And a vivid glare of light
Sprang up through the dreary darkness,
Like stars on the brow of night.

Wee Daisy slipped from the cushion,
And tripped down the empty aisle,
Till she came to a sweet-faced lady,
Who greeted her with a smile ;
And said, "Well, well, little girlie,
Now, Where are you going, my dear ?"
"Oh ! please, is this Heaven ?" cried Daisy,
"See the lights. Oh ! I'm sure it is
near."

Then she told her sad little story,
 With a glow on her dimpled face ;
And the gentle lady clasped her
 To her heart in a fond embrace.
“ Rest here in my arms, my darling,”
 She murmured, “ And you and I
Together will travel, towards Heaven,
 In the sweet, sweet by and by.”

Father's Advice

Young Love's a deceiver, my darling,
A rogue and a thief, in disguise,
For he's fair as the flowers of Summer,
That blossom 'neath merry blue skies ;
His voice is bewitchingly mellow,
As low-crooning waves of the sea,
So lock up the door of your heart, dear,
And give your old father the key.

His lips are as red as the poppy,
And, 'neath the jet lashes, recline
Two pansy-eyes, dew-drenched and laughing,
As sparkling and tempting as wine ;
His curls are like wild, dancing sunbeams,
That float with the breezes in glee,
So lock up the door of your heart, dear,
And give your old father the key.

Some day he will come to you, darling,
A song on his lips, most divine ;
Soft, snowy wings, drooping and weary,
And dewy eyes pleading with thine ;
Ah ! trust not the rogue's mournful glances,
And heed not his low-murmured plea,
But lock up the door of your heart, dear,
And give your old father the key.

Death's Conquest Over Life

'Twixt Life and Death a rugged pathway lay,
Bordered by flowers bright as noon-day sun,
And gilt by Nature's artful hand ; but 'neath
Their blushing petals, thorny brambles crouched.
Lured by the roseate glory of the sight,
The victim hastes to tread upon the way,
But finds, alas ! that beds of roses oft
Conceal a bed of thorns.

Life fair and coy

At one end of the pathway stands, and drinks
The golden sunshine of the summer day,
Her dimpled cheeks like ripened peaches glow,
And deep within her violet eyes, the lamps
Of Love and Hope burn brightly, and her hair,
Outrivals e'en the very stars of night
In loveliness. What could with it compare ?
Naught but stray tangled sunbeams bound with
blue,
And sprinkled with the crystal dew from
heaven.

So like a fairy vision of the clouds
She lingers, gazing far across the path.
But see, her cheeks grow pale, her lips are white,
Wild is her eye and terror lines her brow !
What has affrighted thee, sweet maid ?
Ah ! 'tis the wily form of Death hovering afar.

But fear him not, heed not his cunning smile,
For many miles lie between him and thee.
And so she turns away, and plunging deep
Into the joyous pleasures of the world,
The ghastly spectre wanders from her mind,
And taketh wings.

And now amidst the great
The noblest in the land, she reigns a queen,
Queen of all hearts, and fairest of the fair,
Assembled oft beneath the rosy light
Of banquet hall and ball-room.

But one night,
When the gay year was young and knew no care,
Casting her snowy robe blithely aside,
And donning the apparel of the Spring,
A robe of green, with jewelled dew-drops
trimmed,
The maid surrounded by a courtly throng
Of worshippers, laughed, danced, and talked—

When, lo !
Th' unwelcome visage of grim Death appeared
Before her sight, as it had done before.
The roses crept, unbidden from her cheeks
And her sweet, frightened eyes grew large and
bright
And saw nought, but the slow advancing one,
Who, with a mocking and triumphant smile,

His arms extended, to receive his prey,
Deaf to his victim's agonizing cries.

" Oh ! let me live but one year more,"

She moans.

" Only one month,—one week—one day." And
high

Above the tumult of the dance, her voice
Rings forth in piteous entreaty, and
Then dies away in one heart-broken sob.
The dance has ceased, the music fades away,
And all gaze silently upon the maid,
Amazed and awed, none daring to approach
So wild her eyes have grown.

Forward he comes,

But visible to one alone, so close,
She feels his breath upon her marble cheek.
One step—one last heart-rending wail

And she

Has fallen—right into the arms of Death.

Song

(YESTERDAY)

O, we are so merry, my gay heart and I !
As laughingly merry,
Deliciously merry,
As warblers on high.

The sky is resplendent with azure and rose,
The happy sun pours his bright beams over all;
And the south wind comes tripping along on
tiptoes,

Making music divine, where its soft fingers fall,
The world is all sunshine and laughter so sweet,
For Love, with his wonderful smile, lingers nigh;
His arms full of roses, to drop at my feet—
O, we are so merry, my gay heart and I !

(TO-DAY)

O, we are so weary, my sad heart and I !

So pitifully weary,
So mournfully weary,
I would we might die,

For hushed are the voices of joy and of mirth,
Hope has spread her broad wings and has taken
her flight ;

And the chill winds creep drearily over the earth,
A-sobbing and moaning, like spectres of night.

The world seems all sorrow and darkness and
tears ;
For Love has fled from me, unheeding my cry ;
And I must live on through the long, lonely
years—
O, we are so weary, my sad heart and I !

His Choice

Once on a time ('tis no great matter when)
There lived a youth,—Sir Cyril Fenisten,
Who, for his well-filled purse and ready smile,
Was loved by old and young for many a mile ;
And three fair maids contested who should be
Bride of his heart, his gold and property ;
And saved for him alone their sweetest smiles,
Such pretty speeches, and bewitching wiles.
And when about to purchase a new gown
Miss May would cry, “ Sir Cyril dotes on brown,
Therefore brown it must be ” ; and Miss
 Pauline
Declared that “ dear Sir Cyril adored green.”
And the next week she sallied forth to call
In green gown and hat and gloves and all.
And Miss Primrose, dearest of dainty girls,
Violet-eyes, and fairest golden curls,
That a gay, roguish head did e'er adorn,
Whispered to her mamma, one summer morn,
That she had heard Sir Cyril's gardener say
To Jane the housemaid, just the other day,
That of all flowers, his master loved the best
The modest pansy. Quoth mamma, distressed—
“And you have nearly always worn the rose.
(Oh, dear ! oh, dear ! when will that man
 propose !)

But we must send to-day into the town
For pansies without number, yellow, brown,
And every color that they can produce,
And they shall be for your especial use.”
Thus these maids persevering but not wise,
Thought to find favour in Sir Cyril's eyes.
Down in the valley near Fenisten Hall
A cottage stood, so quaint, and neat and small,
Smothered in roses both early and late,
Where dwelt the gardener and his daughter,
 Kate,
His only child, a maid of seventeen,
As bright and winsome as a fairy queen,
And good as she was lovely. Every day
You might have seen her, passing on her way,
With pail of foaming milk up to the Hall
Where the dogs frisked and scampered at her
 call,
And e'en the colt expectantly would stand
Waiting for a caress, from her small hand ;
And oft Sir Cyril's voice would call, “ Good
 morn,
Those dogs will eat you, sure as I am born ” ;
And his gay laugh through the crisp air would
 ring
Till the dim woods seemed softly answering.
Then with flushed cheeks and gentle eyes cast
 down,

And heart a-throbbing 'neath her cotton gown,
Kate would flit by him, like a timid bird,
Without a smile of greeting or a word ;
She longed to stay, and yet she longed to fly,
She loved him, and true love is ever shy.
So home she went to dream of how he looked,
(Oblivious of dinner yet uncooked.)
Of how he spoke and smiled and laughed,
and " Oh !

He is so grand and yet I love him so."
Sir Cyril knew full well, for who could not,
That Pauline, May or Rose would share his lot,
And so deciding that 'twas time to wed,
"A scheme I'll try to test their hearts," he said.
One day he donned a coat shabby and torn,
That no one but a beggar would have worn,
A flowing beard, and hat pulled to his eyes,
Completed a most wonderful disguise.
Down to the town he went and Miss Pauline
Came sailing onward in her gown of green.
" Madam," Sir Cyril cried, " I am in need,
Give me a dime or I shall starve indeed."
But she swept on pretending not to hear,
When suddenly Miss Primrose did appear,
Followed by May. Sir Cyril humbly pled
With them for a few pence to buy some bread.
But one " had dropped her purse upon the way,"
The other had " No pence for tramps to-day."
Sir Cyril homeward turned, pleased with his
plan,

Not sadder, but a ten-fold, wiser man.
Passing the gardener's cot upon the way,
He spied Miss Kate, as rosy as the day,
Cheerily bending o'er a steaming tub ;
And humming low between each vigorous rub ;
He stepped so softly to the open door,
That Kate surprised, grew rosier than before.
" Give me to eat, fair Miss," he faintly cried,
Then sank upon the step, his mirth to hide,
And fell to watching her slim fingers fly,
Cutting the bread, and tempting cherry pie.
What a sweet wife, he thought, this girl would
 be
For any man—and pray why not for me ;
What deep true eyes, what modest, blushing
 face,
What small white hands, and what unconscious
 grace
Does she possess. Alas ! I am in love
As sure as there's an azure sky above ;
And then aloud,—“ Does one Lord Fenisten
Dwell in these parts,” Kate started, blushed
 again,
And o'er her scarlet lips crept a sweet smile.
“ Yes,” she responded, “ 'Tis but half a mile
From here up to the Hall—Fenisten Hall,
Lord Cyril, who is good and kind to all,
Would gladly help you, if you are in need,
He never fails to do a kindly deed.”
She ope'd the cupboard to replace the bread,

Turned and behold ! the wily tramp had fled.

* * * * *

E'er two bright summer months had slipped
away,

The merry marriage bells, pealed forth so gay,
And Miss Primrose, Miss May and Miss Pauline
From that sad day, I never since have seen.

And She Was Happy

A wild rose peeps through her tousled golden
curls,
And casts its wings to the wind, as it floats along
along ;
The sun coquets with the dearest of tiny girls,
As she nurses her dolls and sings them a low
child-song ;
A sweet peace falls on the warm, soft lips of
day—
And the child is happy with innocence, dolls
and play.

A dusky crimson rose in her gold-brown hair
Nestles, half hid 'neath the rippling strands so
bright,
Proud to be worn by a bride so good and fair,
For the child with her dolls who played is a
wife to-night.
The church bells sprinkle gay music from
above—
And she is happy with life and hope and love.

A snowy rose, as pure as an angel's wing,
Lies 'midst the silken tresses of grey and white ;
The fading moonbeams their softening shadows
fling,

O'er lips and eyes that have said their last
 "good-night" ;
The morn awakens with warm and fragrant
 breath,
And she is happy with rest and peace and death.

What Shall To-morrow Bring?

To-morrow, what shall you bring me, pray !

Shall it be love and joy and laughter ;

Radiant sun all the livelong day ;

With the soft-voiced night a-coming after—

Shall my heart throb with the bliss of living

Whilst the beauteous world her best is giving?

Or shall you come with a face so grey ;

Deep, sad eyes where the tears are falling ;

No glad sun all the gloom-clad day,

Nor the voices of Joy and Love a-calling ?

Ah ! what care I what to-morrow's bringing,

For to-day I have love, and laughter and
singing.

[illegible]



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